

The history

To see vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter Therfites.

Thers. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Thers. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Thers. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Thers. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckonings bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and two'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans yndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'll breake himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I say good morrow *Ajax*: And hee replies thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a lether Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Thersites*.

Thers. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

of Troylus and Cresseida.

Patro. Ioue blesse great *Ajax*. *Thers.* Hum.
Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Thers. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to

Thers. Hum? (his tent.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thers. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord. *Thers.* Ha?

Patr. What say you too'r.

Thers. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Thers. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other, howsoeuer he shall pay for me ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your answer sir.

Thers. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thers. No: but out of tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not. But I am sure none, vnesse the fidler *Apollo* get his sinnewes to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a letter to him straight.

Thers. Let mee beare another to his horse, for thats the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a fountaine stirr'd, And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Thers. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it, I had rather be a tick in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Aeneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus,

Antenor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See he? who is that there?

Deiph. Is it the Lord *Aeneas*?

Aene. Is the Prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to lyelong

As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse, Should rob my bedmate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too? good morrow Lord *Aeneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand.

Witness